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RAIN IN SUMMER.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

How beautiful is the rain!
After the dust and heat,
In the broad and fiery street,
In the narrow lane,

How beautiful is the rain!
How it clatters along the roofs,
Like the tramp of hoofs!
How it gushes and guggles out
From the throat of the overflowing spout!
Across the window pane
It pours and pours;
And swift and wide,
With a muddy tide,
Like a river down the gutters roars
The rain—the welcome rain!

The sick man from his chamber looks
At the twisted brooks;
He can feel the cool
Breath of each little pool;
His fevered brain
Grows calm again,
And he breathes a blessing on the rain.

From the neighboring school
Comes the boys,
With more than wanton noise
And commotion:
And down the wet streets
Sail their mimic fleets,
Till the tren herous pool
Engulfs it in its whirling
And turbulent ocean.

In the country and on every side,
Where far and wide,
Like a leopard's tawny and spotted hide,
Stretches the plain;
To the dry grass and dryer grain,
How welcome is the rain!

In the furrowed land,
The toilsmoe and patient oxen stand;
Lifting the yoke-encumbered head,
With their dillated nostrils spread,
They silently inhale
The clover-scented gale,
From the well-watered and smoking soil;
For this is furrow after toil,
Their large and lustrous eyes
Seem to thank the Lord,
More than man's spoken word.

Near at hand,
From under the sheltering trees,
The farmer sees
His pastures, and his fields of grain,
As they bend their tops
To the numberless beating drops
Of the incessant rain;
He counts it as no sin
That he sees therein
Only his thrift and gain.

These and more than these,
The poet sees;
He can behold
Aquarius old
Walking the fenceless fields of air;
And from each ample field
Of clouds about him rolled
Scattering everywhere
The showery rain;
As the farmer scatters the grain.

He can behold
Things manifold
That have not yet been wholly told—
Have not been wholly sung or said,
For his thought, that never stops,
Follows the waterdrops
Down to the graves of the dead—
Down through chasms and gulfs profound,
To the dreary fountain-head
Of lakes and river under ground;
And sees them when the rain is done;
On the bridge of colors seven
Climbing up once more to heaven,
Opposite the setting sun.

Thus the Seer,
With visions clear,
Sees forms appear and disappear,
In the perpetual round of change—
Mysterious change,
From birth to death—from death to birth,
From earth to heaven—from heaven to earth,
Till glimpses more sublime
Of things unseen before,
Unto his wanderiug eyes reveal
The Universe, as an immeasurable wheel
Turning for evermore
In the rapid and rushing river of Time.

LOOK ON THE MORROW.

Look on the morrow-
With bright beaming eye,
Harbor not sorrow,
To darken your sky.
Life may be made, friends,
Joyous and bright—
God with the storm sends
A rainbow of light.

Look on the morrow,
With hope in you heart:
No forbodings borrow,
False fears to impart.
Night does not come, friends,
Wrapt so in gloom,
But He, a day sends
With light to illume.

SCHUYLERISM, AND A LESSON FROM IT.

A new ism! This is the era of 'isms' and 'ites,' and nobody need be surprised at the announcement of a new one.—Schuylerism sounds like a novelty, but it is only a new name for an ancient enemy of the quiet and real prosperity of society. Public faith has been often abused and private fortune has been often squandered and many kind friends have been rendered bankrupt by misplaced confidence in the financial shrewdness or business honesty of grand rascals. Lately, as the newspapers have informed everybody, Robert Schuyler, of New York, astonished Wall street. He was the President of various railroad companies and financial agent for others, and had unlimited control of funds. He played a desperate game. It did not win, and he is introduced to notoriety as a defaulter for nearly two and a half million of dollars. Two and a half million of dollars. An immense sum. What did Mr. Schuyler do with it? The question is a vain one. Conjecture is at a loss. We can only say, *'it is gone,"* and, with a with a sigh, speculate on what *we*, or some other good man, might not have done with so great a fortune.

But Mr. Schuyler had a social as well as a financial life, and if we cannot clearly solve the mystery which involves his prodigal wastefulness of other men's money, we are given the particulars of a domestic remance which throws some light upon it.

Mr. Schuyler maintained two households. At one he was a Bachelor at the other a Benedict. The gay and careless visitors at the former had no suspicion that their liberal host was a father of a family, and the inmates of that family had never a doubt but that its lord was what he seemed and only that. At home he was Mr. Spicer. At his Bachelor quarters and in the business world he was Mr Schuyler. His most intimate business friends did not know that he was a married man, and strange enough, (if the parodox be excused) his wife and children did not know that he was a Bachelar. For nearly a quarter of a century was Robert Schuyler a Bachelor and a Benedict in the city of New York, and both characters were maintained with such shrewd secrecy that the domestic fraud was not divulged,on one side, until upon the eve of a daughter's marriage, and upon the other side was not exposed until a great financial fraud induced investigations from which no secrets were secure. His brother, a partner in business, was then first informed that he had promising nephews and nieces.

It was not strange that a man who could play so well a double part in domestic life, should play a double part on a grand scale, in business life. He was intact a deceiver. Had not fortune so favored him that he could swindle in a princely style, he had been a petty sdoundrel, well acquainted with city prisons and the lowest perliens of city vice.

Honesty is a principle: it is substance not shadow. The man who is dishonest at home cannot be honest abroad. If he will cheat his wife and children he must cheat his business associates. Home confidence is an anchor of safety, and the man who does not hold fast by it is adrift in an ocean of uncertainty. His voyage of life *may* be honorable, but the chances are that he will make shipwreck of all that is dearest and sweatest among human blessings. Public prosperity as well as private interests, has its safeguard in Homes and in the sentiment which not only inculcates love and respect for, but requires support and protection of, Home.

Here we hint the lesson which Schuylerism enforces. The head of a family has other duties than those material ones which pertain to food and raiment, plain or rich, extravagant or niggard. The prosperous men of our time, those who provide most richly and bountifully for the larder and the wardrobe, are those who know least of the higher necessities of their families and administer least to their social instruction—the moral culture of their sons and daughters. Our "age of steam" is characterised not only by "fast enterprises" which promote commerce and render distant communities neighborly and sociable, but by "fast living"—a stimulated go-aheadativeness in a domestic way, which grows on what it feeds, and feeding on extravagant tastes and wasteful pleasures, requires bold speculations, financial intrigues and frequent bankruptcy.

A mansion which cost $200,000, not because of comfort-promoting conviences—not because of its music, pictures or books, not because only of "dumb show"—must be furnished accordingly, and the style of living must be in accordance with the dwelling and its furniture. The head of such an establishment, unless he inherit a fortune which has been accumulating for a century, has enough to do with "current expenses." He is necessarily absorbed in business, and as a matter of course, is acquitted of responsibility (in his own estimation) when he pays his boys' school bills and tailors' bills, and give them pocket money—when he employs dancing masters and music teachers for his girls, and honors their draughts on the dry goods merchant, the jeweler, the mantua-maker and the milliner.

Life is earnest in such families, but it is not real: it is intensely speculative.—The reality comes when in the money department of the daily paper it is announced that *Mr.* Schuyler has failed for $2 500.,000, or for that "nice little sum" has robbed those who entrusted their business to him. The "crash" which succeeds such a disclosure ultimates often in wretchedness—he had seen much of human misery and human despair among all classes—but the bitterest distress—the most abject poverly he had ever found was not among the grand children of the poor, but among the grand children of the rich.

We read in a New York paper the other day, that it had been ascertained that two members of a mercantile firm had drawn for household and personal expenses during the year, the sum of $137,000. This large sum was not spent in charity—it was not devoted to benevolent purposes—it was not given to promote any wholesome reform; it was spent in fashion, eye fashion. And what is fashion? It answers our purpose to define it as a standard of extravagance set up in the family of one singularly lucky man, which others not so lucky, but quite as foolish, undertake to copy after, and failing in the undertaking, cheat their friends and produce a financial crisis.

Just now now we are in the midst of crisis. Hard times—money tight—no accommodations in Banks, is the cry.—The farmer is doing well—the mechanic has no special reason to complain—the pressure is chiefly among men who rely on uncertain incomes—who have lived beyond those incomes—who are failing and to fail. Of course the pressure reacts more or less on all classes, but will be severest on those who in a greater or less degree, have been emulous to spend their hard earnings, either to outshine or to shine as brightly as their neighbors.

Gay folly embarrassed men—rendered bankrupt, and drove them to the gaming table before America was discovered.—The first settlers were severe in their tastes as well as in their habits and laws; their descendants, for the sake of enjoying what their forefathers were deprived of, dazzled with what was new and seduced by vanity, are led astray, into opposite extremes.

Aunt Peggy and Cousin Tabith of 1800 were sensible, though scant maidens or plain and frugal housewives; but Aunt Sallie and Cousin Minnie o. 1854 (girls are never christened Prudence or Recompense, Patience or Humility, now-a-days) are gay and accomplished—Belles—the glass of fashion—mistresses perchance of establishments at which $20,000 entertainments are given. They do not toil neither do they spin, yet Cleopatra in all her glory was not arrayed like one of them

The ladies of America—hard working America—set their hearts upon a wardrobe according to their cost. Cheapness and durability are despised as vulgar. Our girls may not know that the garments of Troy's proud dames swept the ground, but they drag silks along our pavements, which the proudest of Europe's women would only wear in the drawing room, or the dancing saloon. It is considered noble, grand, to show a lofty disregard of pecuniary consideration, while husband or Pa is scheming—it may be cheating—on Wall street, or Third street, or some other financial avenue.

A bonnet for 230; a velvet mantilla for a sum ranging between $200 and $1200, according to the fur or lace with which it is trimmed; a dress valued at $80 or $100, or $250; undersleeves and collars costing $30 each; handkerchiefs for $40; and other 'fixins' to match,' and a fashionable lady may easily carry $2000 along Broadway or Fourth street and yet have no jewelry; and but little lace. Sum up the whole, then consider corresponding establishment and equipage, and answer whether it is strange that two members of a firm required $137,000 to keep up their style for one year. They, luckily are solvent, but perhaps a dozen of their 'set' for the last year, are now bankrupt, or on the verge of business dishonor.

How do you know the cost of the articles of dress you have enumerated? some country lass may ask. We answer that a few months ago they were exhibited in the show windows of our fashionable stores, with the price temptingly placarded upon them. Next winter we expect a new display, 'Progress' is the watch word. New extravagances must be indulged, and more sharply will the face of the poor be ground.

We mean what we say. It is said that the follies of the rich give employment to the poor, and the saying is true, but generally it is unremunerative employment The lady of a splendid establishment with self-satisfied assurance tells her husband financier, that he can afford to make a present of a $50 shawl, because she has succeeded by grevious oppression in getting her sewing done very cheap. The poor girl who did that sewing, turned her head aside many a time for fear a tear might fall upon and soil her work, while she struggled resolutely to close the fountain of her soul, because the mist which gather in her eyes blinded her sight and for a moment prevented the swift exercise of her needle.

Another fine lady wishes a new carriage, and her lord, who is a little fearful of the expense, demurs, but the lady, quick at expedients, says, "There is the block of houses on Fourth street. The tenants are well satisfied, and so are those on 8th street. Put up the rent in one place $50, the other $25, and we can easily afford a new carriage. The tenants wont move and you have nearly enough money to pay the difference between our old hack and a carriage just in the style." Up goes the rents and the lady goes a shopping in the carriage her heart was set upon.

So goes the world, but we must not impose all the responsibility upon the vanity and vexation of women. We recollect having read not long a ago, a boast from a New York fop, who inherited a fortune which was won in doubtful speculations, that his gloves cost him over $500 a year. *In* horses, gloves, cigars and liquors, and in following the fashions which the tailor makes, not for his comfort, but for his money, he will soon spend the fortune that fell to him, and add another to the list of men, of whom, when they are gone, we can only say, they inherited more money than wit or judgment. They have cards to the "best society" and are fit companions for the female votaries of fashion, whose merits we sought to disclose, but whose frailties only we have drawn from their splendid abodes.

Having read thus far, some unsuccessful Reformer may say, "it is idle to denounce the tone of our 'best society;' nobody will heed the denunciation.'

True enough. If we cannot satirise or burlesque, we might as well, under ordinary circumstances, hold our peace—but sometimes extra developements afford extra occasion and therefore do we endeavor to point a moral from the archly deceitful career of a bold financier—and man of stocks and clubs, and grand entertainments. He is but a strongly marked representative of the hollow-hearted, vainglorious, deceitful, passion-promoting life called fashionable; for participation in which men and women, of whom sensible things are to be expected, who live honestly and might be independent, cringe and bow; and scrape, and we dont like to *toady*, it is a vulgar word if it is expressive, but we will say, humbly acknowledge patronising favors which they should scornfully despise.

It is written in the formation of our Government, in the history of our Legislative councils, in the construction of our railways, and in the mechanical triumphs which enrich the husbandman, elevate the artizan, augment trade and multiply commerce, that the honor and integrity, the power and growth, the worth and usefulness of our country are not now, and never have been, promoted by fashionable life.

There must be fundamental errors prevailing in that society of a Republic, which commanding all possible opportunities, with education, with wealth, with influence does nothing but dress, pass compliments, dance away the giddy hours and gossip. There is essential need of an infusion of an element of service, of practical usefulness into those circles which are composed of the sons and daughters of the rich of American cities.

The mansions on which thousands are expended are grand but gloomy. There is much of splendor but no heart-life, they have no fireside, strictly speaking; there are rich dinners and gay company, but the Mother is not in earnest sympahy with her daughters, and the sons are most likley to value him whom the law regards as their Father, but whom they call "Governor," according to the liberality of their pocket allowance. The mistress of the household makes no calculation upon the *real* profits of her husband's business; there is no business confidence between them, here ambition is only to be up with, and, if possible, a little in advance of her set.' When Mr A. fails she is quite astonished, and regrets the loss of house and carriage, and *caste*. But if Mr. A. dont fail, if instead of going out of the business world merley, he goes out of the aterial world entirely, do his sons pursue his calling and reap it profits? Not at all. They are only gentlemen. They squander in a few years what their father had accumulated, and his grand mansion is maintained perhaps by one who had been a poor clerk or an humble mechanic, but who now controls the business their father left; in which he never educated them. They do not recognize force of the handsome and just sentiment expressed in Wills' Play of "Bianca Visconti."

"If the rose
Were born a lilly, and by force of heat
And eagerness for light, grew tall and fair,
'Twere a true type of the first fiery soul
That makes a low name honorable. They
Who take it by inheritance alone,
Adding no brightness to it—are like stars
Seen in the ocean—that were never there
But for the bright originals in heaven."

Who that survey American society thoughtfully does not observe the class which commands the highest privilege, there is contemptuous disregard of the effective arts, a disregard which allows many a young man to die a loafer and a gambler, who would have honored his name, and done the State good service as an artisan. This deplorable sentiment does not have its origin singly in an aristocratic feeling nourished by the purse proud; it may be traced to the want of a high enough regard of their occupations among workingmen, themselves.

When from among the workers of one generation spring those on whom the necessity of daily toil for daily bread is not imposed, it is painfully true hat parents, considerate as they deem themselves, but really blind to their children's true interests, not of tender hearted care, so strictly guard their dear boys and girls from what they deem their own hard lot, that the youngsters are taught to be proudly effeminate. Here lies the secret which solves the mystery why so few of the sons of the rich men of our day, are competent to fill honorably the high places their fathers occupied.

Now, the sum of these reflections is that the sons of working men of to day, who cannot bring up their boys in idleness will occupy the posts of trust and profit to which the idly reared may fall heir, and that the means of correcting the evils which render our 'best society' frivolous, selfish and oppressive, is within the grasp of the non-party giving, non-speculating, non-failing, careful men of city and country.

Their homes are homes of mutual confidence and peactical council. Let them not be niggard when opportunities of elevation offer to their children, but the lesson of their lives be for the thoughtful and the practical, that their sons and laughters may not ecvet what is vain and false, but may strive for success in honorable walks of life, employing their rewards to enlarge the sphere of the ennobling and the useful.

The construction of American Society necessarily requires occupation—attention to some employment on the part of all classes. We can have no gentry in the European signification of that phrase.—Hereditary fortune cannot be held through ten generations. Nobility does not belong to families but to individuals. Whatever approach is made toward European aristocricy, must, from an American point of view, rend r the imitation contemptible; yet there is much of it. The bonds of our social union are weakened by it, it produces financial crisis, the general interest of the country are damaged. Let the boys and girls of to day be forewarned. Sensible men and sensible women must teach the wholesome doctrine that the nobility of labor is as bad as its necessity, and that he who, removed from its necessito by ancestral fortune, is a pensioner upon the industry of his ancestors, can be neither as dignified or as respectable as he who in whatever humble sphere, with head and hands honesty provides for himself.

Never Despise Your Business.

"No man of sense," it has been observed "despises his bread and butter." *It* is only the weak who are ashamed of laboring for a livelihood, or who effect to scorn the branch of business which they especially pursue. The first duty which every man owes to himself, to his family, and to his fellow citizens, is not to become a burden pecuniarily to society.—That commonwealth also is the most flourising in which the proportion of drones is the fewest: indeed the idea of a perfect state involves the necessity of every member of it being a producer.—*Hence* it is that work is always honorable. The most ordinary handicraft employment is as worthy, if exercised honestly, as the professions of law or medicine.—Each citizen should follow that avocation for which he is best suited, and when he does this he fulfils the law of his existence; but never otherwise. A bad lawyer is less truly respectable than a good mechant, and an able doctor is no more meritorious than an honest laborer. To do one's duty, in the walk where one can be most efficient, is to be honorable: to neglect it or seek some other walks, is to become really disgraced. By this standard, and by this only, should we judge of man's respectability It is time that we republicans banished the arbitrary lines of Caste, as applied to the pursuits of life which are derived from fudal Europe.

Yet there are thousands of men who are at heart ashamed of their business.—Are they retail venders? They scorn continuing to make money in old way and long to embark in the wholsale line. Are they jobbers? They think if they could only be shippers that their glory would culminate? Are they mechanics? They regret they are not lawyers. Are they farmers? They think to be in business in town. Such person, in their hearts, worship absurd distinctions inherited from the social life of England, and regard the physician, the politician or the banker as really greater men than human clay.

These are what Thackery call 'snobs;' men of pretence and weak folly; men who despise their own bread and butter. *The* wise man on the contrary, seeks independence by steadily attending to his business, well aware that an independence, honestly accuired, is his best claim to esteem. It is young men, or rather lads, that are more often victims to this weakness. Tens of thousands have been shipwrecked in life from having chosen a pursuit unsuitable to them, tempted thereto by the false notions of the vulgarity of a trade, and the superior dignity of a commerce or profession.

NAPOLEON AND JOSEPHENE.

Napoleon's acquaintance with Josephine arose from the impression made on him by her son, Eugene Beauharnias, then a little boy. He came to request that his father's sword, which had been delivered up, might be restored to him *The* boy's appearance, the earnesness with which he urged the request, and the tears which could not be stayed when he beheld the sword, interested Napoleon so much in his favor, that not only was the sword given to him, but he determined to become acquainted with the mother of the boy. He visited her, and his visits soon became frequent. He delighted to hear the details she gave of the court of Louis. 'Come,' he would say, as he sat by her side of an evening, 'now let us talk of the old court—let us take a tour to Versailles.' It was in these frequent and familiar interviews that the fascinations of Josephine won the heart of Napoleon, 'She is,' said he, 'grace personified—every thing she does is with a grace and delicacy peculiar to herself.' *The* admiration and love of such a man could not fail to make an impresion on a woman like Josephine. It has been said that it was impossible to be in Napoleon's company without being struck by his personal appearance; not so much by the exquisite symmetry of his features and the noble head and forehead, which have furnished the painter and the sculptor with one of their finest models; nor even by the meditative look, so emphatically indicative of great intellectual power; but the magic charm was the varying expression of countenance, which changed with every passing thought and glowed with every feeling. His smile, it is said, always inspired confidence. *'It* is difficult if not impossible,' the Duchess Abrantes writes, 'to describe the charm of his countenance when he smiled—his soul was upon his lips and his eyes.' The magic power of that expresson at a later period is well known. The Emperor of Russia experienced it when he said, 'I never loved any one more than that man.' He possessed, too that greatest of all charms an harmonious voice, whose tones like his countenance, changing from emphatic impressiveness to caressing softness, found there way to every heart. It may not have been those personal and mental gifts alone which won Josepine's heart; the ready sympathy with which Napoleon entered in to her feelings, may have been the gratest charm to an affectionate nature like hers. It was in the course of one of those confidential evenings, that, as they sat together she read to him the letter which she had received from her husband; it was a most touching farwell. Napoleon was deply affected; and it has been said that that letter, and Josephine's emotion as she read it had a powerful effect upon his feelings, already excited by admiration.

The St. Louis Republican of the 16th inst. says there has not been a night within the last week since the late riot when the dagger has not drank the blood of its victim. The police office for several nights past has been the receptacle of bleeding men who have had the knife put to them. The dens of iniquity in the city—bad enough under ordinary circumstances—have recently been stirred up by the worst passions, and the streets every night are infested with bands of reckless men in persuit of difficulties, armed to the teeth and eager for an affray.

EXPERIMENTAL FARMING.—Horace Greely, as is well known, has taken to farming. Last year, when in Massachusetts, attending the poultry show, he bought half a dozen pure Cochin China eggs, at $6 a dozen, which produced him six ugly ducks. An editor in Maine, however, fared still worse. He bought half a dozen eggs of a "new variety," which the deacon assured him would produce "very rare birds." So they did, for they were put under the very best hen, and in due time came out—"what do you think?"

'I could not guess,' said his friend: 'what were they!'

'Laud Turtles!' and what was worse, as soon as they were hatched, they seized upon the old hen, and such a squalling never was heard in any other hen's nest.'

"STUFFING" A CHILD.—The New York Sunday Courier tells a rich story of a poor Irishman who lost a child, and was so sorely afflicted that he could not work next day; but at a late hour in the forenoon, wandered down town where he had been employed carrying "mort," his boss exclaimed—

'Mornin', Mike! Why aint you at work to day?'

'O, sir, I havn't the heart to do it, sir, such a misfortin's happened!'

'What's that, Mike.'

'The baby, sir—James. He died last night with the croup, they call it.'

'I'm very sorry for you, Mike, I'm sure. But don't cry about it—bear it like a man!' said the boss.

'It's mighty hard, sir. Such a beautiful babby, the finest of all the childer.—Curly hair, sir, and a white skin, just like his father! O, wurra, what'll I do?'

'Come, come, cheer up, and go home, and comfort your old woman,' was the encouraging reply of his boss. 'The child is better off, perhaps, than if he had lived to struggle in this hard world.'

'O, I know that, sir, I know that. It's aiser to get a little crayther like that thro' Purgatory nor an auld man or woman.—But it's not his dyin' that's troublin' me, though it's mighty hard partin.' It's the laws of the church and country that's troublin' me. He looks so natural and beautiful, dead as he is.'

'Why, what can the church or country have to do with it?'

'O,' exclaimed the childless man with a tremulous voice and wiping his eyes, 'if it wasn't for their laws, begorra, I'd have little Jimmy *stoofed* and put in a glass case!'

A curious sect of religionists has just arisen in England called the Disciples.—They believe Christ will appear in 1864; that the Russians will triumph over the Turks, and the Jews over the Russians; the latter event will happen in ten years time, when the Jews will become a nation in the Holy Land, and that Christ will become their king, that Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, and the *rest* of the righteous Jews of old, and a few elect among Christians will rise from the dead and live forever in Palestine; that the heathen and wicked Jews and Christians will sleep eternally.

A clergyman lecturing one afternoon to his female parishioners said;

'Be not proud that our Lord paid your sex the destinguished honor of appearing first to a female after the resurrection for it was only done that the glad news might be spread the sooner."

A young gentleman walked into our office yesterday morning with an unlit cigar. After a few moments vain search for the wherewith to fire it; he turned to us and said:

'Why is your office like an old bachelor?'

We immediately caved, and he as immediately replied:

'Because it is matchless!'

He was put out forthwith.

There are veins of poetry running through some editors, which cannot be controlled. Sometimes they spurt out one way and sometimes another. But the most feeling dashes are those that run through the pocket, like the following:

'Breathes there a man with soul so dead—who never to himself has said—I will my own home paper take, both for my own and family's sake? If such there be, let him repent—and have the paper to him sent—and if he'd pass a happy winter—he in advance should pay the printer.'

CONNUBIAL.—If you wish to grow wealthy, get married. What it costs to support one vice, will keep six children. Until a young man is married, he is tossed about from one degree of ungodliness to another, till his health, strength, and character are completely bursted up and done for. Talk about your Congress water and sea-bathing! there is nothing the Lord ever invented for the health equal to a virtuous woman. Were young men permitted to get married when they first feel a passion for muslin and calico, one half the *hereditary* diseases that the human family are afflicted with would be annihilated.

'Is that the second bell?' inquired a gentleman of a sable porter at a country boarding house, the other day. 'No sar,' exclaimed the darkey, 'dat am de secon' ringin' ob de fuss bell—we has but one bell in dis house.'

MINT JULEPS.—The question of the origin of mint juleps was recently agitated in Virginia, and it was ascertained that the idea was conceived by a young poet who had kissed a pretty girl after she had eaten mint, and who was so much intoxicated with pleasure, that he devoted several months in attempting to produce a substitute, or counterfait, which would approach the original as nearly as possible,